

A Little House Well Filled; A Little Land Well Tilled; A Little Wife Well Willed



Delineator

Complicated Features of Present Day Living

If there is one thing more than another that draws a sharp line of difference between the living of to-day and yesterday, it is the complication in which everything is at present involved.

"Did you go to the races?" asked one friend or another in Richmond last week. "Are you fond of racing?"

I did not go, answered the woman addressed, "and" she continued with a smile, "do not know whether I like racing now or not, because I could have told you unhesitatingly that I did. But when gentlemen used to ride their own horses at spring meets, when carriage-builders' contractors were drawn up on the turf from which the race-track could be seen throughout its course, when the starting signal was quickly given, and it was then hush-hush away for the winning post, with colors flying, and every one standing and waving encouragement as the horses dashed past, racing seemed a sport in which women generally could be interested and every one, in a sense be a participant. Now conditions are changed. Under new improvements and innovations, racing has become as complicated an affair as a game of modern football, and I grow so tired trying to follow the ins and outs of its puzzlement that I lose the pleasure I used to experience in simple racing or playing of games, without the embellishment of lottery frills and variations."

"But don't you think that what you say is true of everything, not only of racing and football, but of all other forms of entertainment and amusement?" said the other woman, a little impatiently. "Why, in a country and a day where among its smart set elephants are said to often do the waiting with their trunks at fashionable luncheons, or guests sit in golden swings over a lake, while swans swim around with the food in trays on their back; what can you look for in the way of simple directness? All flying and acting of that kind is relegated to prehistoric days, and I am afraid if you wait to enjoy yourself until you find it again you will spend the remainder of your life in vain search."

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house offending your good taste, the glare of the electric lights in your eyes and the thunder of the chorus in your ears."

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To-day there is the weekend house party and the house guest. There is the quiet room where embroidered and macramé linen lace scratch the guest's cheek or tickle her nose; there is the dressing table loaded with costly trifles; there is the drawing room, frosty elegant, harmonious and correct, and the dining room, where the table is strewn with silver knives, forks and spoons, a different shape and size for every dish—so say nothing of lace squares and mats and curtains.

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